

The LOYAL SHERIFS of LONDON and Middlesex. Upon their Election.

To the Tune of, *Now at last the Riddle is Expounded.*



I.
NOW at last the Matter is Dicided,
Which so long the Nation has devided;
Misguided
By Interest and blind Zeal,
Which so well in *Forty four* they Acted;
Now with greater hear,
They again act o're like Men Distracted,
To give to *Monarchy* a new defeat.

2.
Famous *North*, of Noble Birth and Breeding,
And in Loyal Principles Exceeding;
Is pleading
To stand his Countreys Friend,
To do Justice to the *King* and *Nation*,
Some so much oppose,
To renew the work of *REFORMATION*,
And carry on again the *Good Old Cause*.

3.
Next Renowned *Box* as high Commended,
And of Loyal Parentage Descended;
Intended
To do the *City* Right,
With true Courage and firm Resolution,
He the *Hall* Adorns;
But the Heads were all in great *Confusion*;
Such Din there was and rattling with their Horns.

4.
Prick up Ears, and push for one another,
Let not *Box* (an old *Malignant*) Brother;
Nor 'to'ther
Our Properties Command,
He's a *Malignant*, *North* is nothing better,
They walk Hand in Hand,
He you know is the Lord Mayor's Creature:
And therefore 'tis not fit that they should stand.

5.
Where are now our *Liberties* and *Freedom*?
Where shall we find Friends when we shou'd need
To bleed 'em (em?)
And pull the *Tory's* down,
To push for our Intr'est, who can blame us?
Sheriffs rule the *Town*,
When we loose our Darling *IGNORAMUS*:
We loose the Combat, and the day's their own.

6.
Then let every Man stand by his Brother,
Poll o're ten times, *Poll* for one another;
What a Pother
You see the *Tory's* make,
Now or never, now to save your *Charter*,
O' your Hearts will ake,
If it goes for them expect no *Quarter*:
If Law and Justice rule, our heels must shake:

7.
Rout, a *Rout*, joyn' *Prentice*, *Fore* and *Peasant*,
Let the *White-Hall* Party call it Treason,
'Tis Reason
We should our Necks Defend,
Routs and *Ryots*, *Tumults* and *Sedition*,
Poll 'em o're agen,
These do best agree with our Condition;
If *Monarchy* prevail, we're all lost men.

8.
The Lord Mayor is Loyal in his Station,
'Las what will become o'th' *Reformation*;
O'th' Nation
If the *Shrieves* be Loyal too?
Wrangle, Brangle, huff and keep a *Clatter*;
If we loose the Field,
Poll 'em o're again, it makes no matter:
For tho' we loose the Day, we scorn to Yield.

9.
Ten for *Box*, and Twenty for *Papillion*,
North a Thousand, and *Dubois* a Million:
What Villain
Our Int'rest dare oppose?
With those Noble *Patriots* thus they sided,
To uphold the *Cause*;
But the good Lord Mayor the case Decided:
And once again two *Loyal Worthies* Chose.

10.
Noble *North*, and Famous *Box* promoted,
By due Course and Legal Choice allotted;
They Voted
To be the *City Shrieves*,
And may they both to *Londons* Commendation;
Her antient Rights restore,
To do that Justice to the *King* and *Nation*,
Which former *Factions* have deny'd before.